

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

HERTY'S RACE

The Boston Boy Sturdily Leading On to the Goal.

Noremac Wins Third Place, but Has to Yield It to Hegelman.

The Fifth Day Finds a Full Dozen of the Peds in Trim.

Midsummer Heat in the Garden a Foe to Record-Breaking.

SCORE AT 12 O'CLOCK.

HERTY	444 0
CARTWRIGHT	430 2
HEGELMAN	421 3
NOREMAC	421 0
HUGHES	413 3
SMITH	400 2
GOLDEN	397 0
ADAMS	391 1

The Record: 493 miles 5 laps; Littlewood, 491 miles 1 lap.

Fully two hundred worthy citizens of this town saved hotel expenses by sleeping on the benches in Madison Square Garden, so as to be on hand to watch the progress of to-day's contest from an early hour.

STARTED A RING FIGHT.

In less than a minute the 200 slumbering citizens were on their feet and flying in a half wakened condition to the scene of battle. In another minute a ring was improvised, and words of encouragement were uttered to the lads from 200 husky throats.

"TIME" PREMATURELY CALLED.

Even the bluestock from Capt. Kelly's squad, who had been on duty during the night, was aroused, and right in the midst of the third round, and just when the African was about to do his Caucasian antagonist the bluestock called time and broke away.

But before the minion of the law could reach the inner circle the combatants were smuggled out on the opposite side of the crowd and disappeared by way of the Madison avenue entrance.

THEY FOUND DAN HERTY SLIDING IN THE RACE AND RUNNING 13 1/2 MILES AHEAD OF GEORGE CARTWRIGHT.

But the Boston boy was thirty-nine miles short of the record of Jimmie Albert in his 621-mile race in February, 1888, and forty-two miles behind George Littlewood's score in last November's race, in which the Sheffield boy won the championship of the world.

On Thursday midnight, in their respective great performances, Pat Fitzgerald scored 447 1/2 miles; Albert, 450 1/2; and George Littlewood, 431 1/2 miles.

Herty only touched the 400th mile post at midnight last night, having run in the fourth day only 87 miles.

CONTRACTOR'S GOOD WORK.

George Noremac, the dog-trotting little Scotchman, who never ceased among the first-class peds, but always gets a place, did the best performance of the day.

From ninth place on Wednesday he had advanced to fourth, and ran 10 1/2 miles in the twenty-four hours. At midnight he was twenty-seven miles behind Herty, and with two hours' rest he resumed his work "as sleek as grass."

Cartwright, though nimble and clean-limbed and able to run as gracefully as a fawn, covered only 82 miles during Thursday; Pete Hegelman only 79, and Connors, whose stomach was out of order, only 87 miles.

LEWIS HUGHES, despite his age, his bulk, and his rheumatic joints, hobbled 85 miles during yesterday, and Billie Smith, who looks as if he were fading away with consumption, made 78 1/2 miles.

EMIL PAUL, who though out of the race, still runs on the track, says he is doing it for practice in future races. He ran twenty miles yesterday. Tom Elson quit the race because he was not so young as he used to be, and Dillon, Nolan, O'Mara, Taylor, Sullivan and Johnson, the colored man, still run the little harder the muscles and prepare them for future races.

EARLY MORNING FLOODING.

The work for the first six hours of to-day of the men who will probably divide the 50 per cent. of the gate money for covering 600 miles by 10 o'clock to-morrow night is indicated by the following score:

Herty	2 4 4	4 4 4	0 4 4
Cartwright	3 0 1	4 0 5	4 0 3
Hegelman	3 7 7	3 8 7	3 9 0
Noremac	3 7 0	3 8 5	3 9 4
Hughes	3 7 1	3 8 0	3 8 8
Smith	3 0 1	3 7 0	3 7 0
Golden	3 5 0	3 5 9	3 5 4
Adams	3 3 3	3 3 7	3 4 3



body in the race. At least, for anybody who has a specialty.

The race will be twelve hours a day for the nine days from June 29 to July 6, beginning each day at 11 o'clock in the morning. Fifty per cent. of the receipts will be divided as prizes among the winners, after the usual schedule, and as the race is to come off in the very heart of the Coney Island season—and there are two Saturdays, two Sundays and the Fourth of July in the nine days, insuring enormous crowds—the race offers very tempting inducements to the peds.

So tempting that Gus Guerrero, the Greaser, and Frank Hart, the colored ped, are on their way from San Francisco to take part. Old Sport Campans will be there, and Dan Herty, Cartwright, Connor, Dillon, Billy Smith, Noremac, Hughes and Golden will be there.

E. C. Moore, the phenomenal Philadelphia protégé of Jimmie Albert, who would certainly have broken the record of his friend last November and beaten George Littlewood but for the turning inside out of his stomach on Thursday night, when he was a leader by thirty miles, will also take a hand.

AN INDIAN IN PAINT COMING.

Ghost Sullivan, Arab Stout, an Indian from the Cataraugus Reservation in full war paint, Taylor the pie-eater and a host of other old gallery players will be in the race and special prizes will be offered for short races which will also take place during the nine days. Richard K. Fox offers a gold championship medal to be competed for by New York newboys in a short race, and just when the African was about to do his Caucasian antagonist the bluestock called time and broke away.

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A VERY WARM WEEK

Prof. De Voe Prophecies It from Hackensack, N. J.

And Thereby Disagrees With the Signal-Service Bureau.

Which Declares That a Cool Wave Will Be Here To-Night.

When the strident citizens of New York arose this morning they were made aware of the fact that it was warm, and they felt that it would come warmer; and as the day passed they found that they had not been mistaken.

The hot wave that sent its edge against us yesterday was right over us, and old Sol had having lots of fun in watching the bustling crowd as they mopped their faces and wished for another blizzard.

The jury traveled up here from the Southwest and is traveling eastward. It now extends from the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico.

The warmest point is around Lake Erie and the territory extending on a line to the ocean. The warm wave was lulled with delight by hundreds of tradesmen.

A rushing business was done by the owners of sweltering houses, and the families lemonade stands sprang up like mushrooms after a shower.

The thermometer also got in some fine work. They took down last season's stock, dusted it off and exhibited it as new importation; and many a person who had almost become past bed went in and invested.

The thermometer at 8 o'clock registered 60 degrees. From 8 o'clock the thermometer went up rapidly, and at 11 o'clock had reached 81 degrees—a rise of 16 degrees in three hours.

The warmest point of the season, and thought that it might reach 85 degrees before 3 o'clock.

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MR. AMBERG'S LUCK

Very Quietly Wedded to a Beauty and an Heiress.

Marie Augusta Engle the Well-Known Manager's Bride.

Judge Ehrlich Performed the Ceremony at the Hotel Belvidere.

Theatrical circles were thrown into a high state of excitement this morning by whisperings of a certain event which is said to have come off at the Hotel Belvidere.

The whisperings were at first indefinite and vague, but gradually grew stronger as the day wore on.

They were to the effect that the suave and energetic manager of the Amberg Theatre, Gustave Amberg, had captured a remarkably pretty girl and an heiress as well, and had taken her for better or worse for the rest of his life.

In short, it was said that Manager Amberg had married Marie Augusta Engle yesterday afternoon at the Belvidere Hotel, where both had been stopping.

An Evening World reporter started to investigate, and he found that the rumor was true. The marriage did take place, but it was to have been kept a secret until the happy pair were far out upon the bosom of the Atlantic. Then lips were to be unsealed.

There was some bustle behind the scenes in the Belvidere yesterday afternoon. Though few people knew it, the private dining-room was transformed into a bower of flowers.

It was just 5 o'clock when Judge Ehrlich, the clerk of his court and Joseph Amberg, the manager of the Amberg Theatre, entered the hotel. A hall boy was despatched upstairs and Mr. Amberg appeared.

Any one who saw his radiant smiling face would have surmised that something was going to happen.

Then the party adjourned to the parlor on the first floor. A short wait occurred and then Miss Engle, who was waiting in the parlor, came down.

First Mr. Amberg handed Judge Ehrlich a paper, which the latter scanned solemnly. It was a divorce paper, stating that Amberg had been divorced legally from his first wife and that there was no legal impediment in the way.

Then the judge gave away the bride, who was dressed in maroon silk and lace. Then every body looked on and congratulated the happy couple.

Mr. Amberg's influence came over here and secured a place in Col. Mapleson's troupe.

Mr. Amberg is forty-three years old, and this morning he was married to a girl twenty-two years old. It is said that she first met Mr. Amberg in Paris some years ago. She was then engaged to a French nobleman, but she broke the engagement and came over here.

They expect to be gone on their tour until the latter part of July. The bride and groom received their first kiss in the parlor, and then they were taken to the dining-room, where they were seated at a table.

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RIVER MYSTERY.

Who Was This Old Man Who Watched the Sky So Eagerly?

His Body Found Floating in the Gray Waters at Dawn.

"Black Silk Slippers, Embroidered with Gold," the Police Clue.

The body of an elderly, gray-haired, neatly dressed man was found in the North River this morning and the question of his identity is puzzling the police.

He has been recognized as an old gentleman who strolled down to the dock at the foot of West Twenty-fourth street late yesterday afternoon, and who aroused comment alike by his actions and his attire.

He wore slippers instead of shoes, and they were of black silk embroidered with gold. He was a pleasant old man, and as he sat down on the dock and with rapid gaze watched the shipping pass half a dozen persons followed him with their eyes.

There was a smile on his haggard face, as if he were amused to see the people who followed him. He maintained a dignified silence, however, and paid no attention to what was said to him, and the questioner went away.

The gray-haired old man watched the sun set. It sank in the west as a blood-red disk in the sky. Darkness came and the river grew dim and black.

The old man lingered in the night, and some one went to him and spoke to him. He had a look of intense interest, however, and he did not seem to notice the person who spoke to him.

In the gray dawn, at 5 o'clock this morning, a policeman patrolling the North River from saw some object floating in the water near the West Twenty-fourth street dock. He thought at first that it was nothing more than a piece of floating wood.

He stopped and watched it closely, and saw a white face above the waves. In a few moments he had a boat and rowed out to the floating figure.

The man in the water was dead. The policeman trooped his oars and lifted him into the boat.

The dead man wore a pair of embroidered slippers, and the policeman saw that the old man who had been seen on the dock the night before.

The body of the old man was found in the North River at the foot of Twenty-fourth street. He was about fifty-five years old, 5 feet 6 inches in height, and had a fair complexion. He was wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, and a dark tie.

The police are now trying to find out who the old man was. They have a list of names of old men who live in the neighborhood, and they are trying to find out who the old man was.

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EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

HAUNTED TO DEATH.

Morris Bernstein Driven to Suicide by a Strange Mania.

He Thought a Relentless Foe Was in Pursuit to Kill Him.

He Said His Prayers, Eluded His Watchful Wife and Shot Himself.

Morris Bernstein, a pedler, living at 582 Forsyth street, committed suicide this morning by shooting himself in the mouth. He died in a few minutes after the act without having uttered a word.

According to the story told by his wife and the neighbors, Bernstein was haunted with the idea that a foe was pursuing him relentlessly, and would kill him at sight. This belief was so strong that he said several times that if he came face to face with his pursuer he would kill himself rather than be murdered.

His sickness dates back from the time of the great blizzard of March, 1888. Bernstein was a pedler, and during the storm he contracted a severe cold. He neglected it until several months later, when he became alarmed over his condition and went to consult Dr. E. J. Messamer, a brother of the well-known Corcoran.

He started for the doctor's about 6 o'clock one evening and returned shortly after 10 o'clock in an excited state of mind, telling a wild story about his visit.

He said that he arrived just as the doctor was leaving to visit his patients, and he was kept sitting in the dark for four hours until he made his escape. He thought somebody was going to kill him, but he got out before being assaulted.

From that time he was troubled with the monomania that his persecutor was still on his track. He stayed in the house for days, refusing to go, because, he said, a man wanted to murder him.

This mania grew stronger, and about six months ago he stopped work entirely, because he was afraid that he might go into the house where his landlady lived and make a scene. He sat up nearly 1 o'clock this morning and then retired. A few friends had called during the evening and he carried on a pleasant conversation with them.

After they had gone, however, his old thoughts came upon him. He felt that he was being followed, and he was afraid that he might go into the house where his landlady lived and make a scene.

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